ROYALMATCHMAKERS

The King and Queen of Denmark Are



the least important that the King and Queen of Denmark have arranged. A glance at their record shows their wonderful success in handling royal mar-riages. This old couple ceichrated their golden wedding three years ago, and, al-though the King is now 77 and the Queen 78, they take as much interest in the trimonial affairs of their grandchildren as they did in their children.

A BRAVE SHOWING.

There are six of the latter, and each one of them made a famous alliance, owing to the skill of the parents.

The eldest son, Prince Frederick, heirapparent, married the Princess Louise, daughter of King Carl XV., of Sweden

daughter of King Carl XV., of Sweden and Norway.

The eldest daughter. Princess Alexandra, married the Prince of Wales, and, if she outlives Queen Victoria, her motherin-law, she will be Queen of England.

The third child, Prince Wilhelm, married Olga, Grand Duchess of Russia, and was elected King of Greece under the title of Georgios I.

The Princess Marie Dagmar, the fourth child, married Alexander III., the late Czar of Russia. She is now the Dowager Empress of Russia, her son, Nicholas II., being the Czar.

The fifth child, the Princess Thyra, married Prince Ernest August, Duke of Cumberland, who hoped to be King of Hanover, but his kinsman, the Emperor of Germany, sat upon his claims.

The sixth child, Prince Waldermar, married Princess Marie d'Orleans, eldest

The sixth child, Prince Waldermar, married Princess Marie d'Orleans, cldest daughter of the Duc de Chartres.

Thus the old King is father of the next Queen of England, of the Dowager Queen of Russia, and of the King of Greece, a better showing than any monarch of the age can make. Having disposed of all of his children advantageously, he and his wife are now ready to do the same for their grandchildren, and, if they live long enough for their great-grandchildren. Of the latter there are quite a number.

A HAPPY COUPLE.

A HAPPY COUPLE.

King Christian and Queen Louise are two of the happiest members of royalty in Europe to-day. They have solved the difficult problem of combining a very happy home life with the ceremonious affairs of state. In fact, they both think more of their home comfort than of any-thing else.

Whenever the Princess of Wales gre Whenever the Princess of Wales grows weary of the stiff formalities of English home life she visits her papa and her mamma, and it is the same with the blowager Empress of Russia. During the life of the late Czar these visits to his father and mother-in-law were his only relaxation. With them he felt fairly safe from the fear of being dynamited, and with this tereible burden lifted from his mird he romped and played like a big boy.

There are always a number of young princes and princesses stopping at the King's raince, and the late Czar entered into their juvesile sports with beisterous pleasure. He was pessessed of immense physical strength, and he liked to display it at all times. One of his favorite amusements was to stand in the centre of a big crowd of these princes and princesses, and invite them all to jump on him, and try to force him to the ground. The play was pretty rough at times, as his numerous relatives were not overnwed by his great title, but the harder they thumped him and knocked him about the more he enjoyed it.

THE CASTLE OF PEACE.

THE CASTLE OF PEACE.

the King's country home, Fredensborg, twenty-five miles from Copenhagen. Fredensborg means "Castle of Peace," and it is here that all the great matrimonial alliances hive been arranged. It is near Elsinore, a place hallowed by memories of the ill-fated Hamlet. It was built in 1720 by Frederick IV. of Denmark.

EXPRIS.

THEIR LAST ACHIEVEMENT.

The Marriage of Future Kings and Queens is Their Pet Pastime—
Their Happy and Unconventional Home Life.

(Written for the Dispatch.)

The champion match-makers of the universe are the King and Queen of Denmark. They have just accomplished another mave in their favorite pastime by arranging the marriage of two of their grandchildren—the Princess Maud, daughter of the Princess of Wales, and Prince Charles, of Denmark, second son of the Crown Prince.

The fact that the two young folks are first cousins and beth calling the old King of Denmark grandfather seems to excite no question of the desirability of such an alliance. While this wedding will excite a good deal of attention from

ments, and next to it is the Chinese sa-lon, which is decorated and furnished entirely in the Chinese style. The Dow-ager Empress of Russia has a suite of six rooms facing the park. The sitting-room is furnished in white, with light-blue silk coverings, and the most prom-inent chject on the walls is a large por-trait of the Empress Catherine. The study contains only a huge bureau, a writing-table, and four chairs.

writing-table, and four chairs.

The royal party dine every night in the dome hall at 7 o'clock, and dinner is the only meal at which all meet. There are 25 rooms in the schloss. The Crown Prince and Crown Princess reside at a

Prince and Crown Princess reside at a villa on the grounds, which is known as the Marshall House. Fredensborg is decorated in a curious, homely, old-fashioned style; but all the rooms occupied by the royalties are most comfortable, the house was, to a considerable extent, returnished about seven years ago.

The gardens and the vast park, which slopes to the Esrom So, are the great attractions of Fredensborg. The lime avenues are unsurpassable in Europe, and so are the beeches in the park and in the avenues are unsurpassable in Europe, and so are the beeches in the park and in the royal forest of Grib on the other side of the lake. The old-fashioned gardens are bright with flowers and musical with fountains. One section is known as the marble garden, and contains a number of quaint statues, columns, temples, and seats, all of pure marble. The contrast between the white statuary and the deep green of the turf and the trees is very striking. The park and the forest which surround it swarm with deer, which troop among the ferny solitudes under the shade of gigantic trees.

A REMARKABLE QUEEN.

A REMARKABLE QUEEN. Queen Louise is the intellectual glant of the Danish royal house, and she is in every way a remarkable woman. She has remained young in visage and form, sithough her hair is now sprinkled with gray. Well stricken in years, she looks at least fifteen years younger than she is. Queen Louise has an exceptionally bright and quick intelligence, unusual power of judgment, a highly gifted nature, and a



QUEEN LOUISE.

heart of gold. Her graciousness of man-ner, her kindly looks, win the hearts of all those who come in contact with her. Her education, her mental gifts, would have justified her in taking an active part in public affairs, but she has pre-ferred to keep herself in the background, and has claimed instead to rule with all liberty in her royal home. That the Danish royal family is united, that the Danish Court is the stock instance of the

power of domestic virtue in politics, that no royal house has made for as children alliances so brilliant, thrown out so many shoots all over Europe, is due to Queen Louise's poodness, energy, and wisdom.

There are certainly few women who at the Queen's age lead such a busy, active life as she does. An early riser, her days are fully occupied from morning until night. Besides all her household and representative duties, the Queen keeps up an extensive correspondence, for the three married daughters and the absent son, the King of the Hellenes, expect to be kept familiar with all sorts of details concerning their much-beloved Danish home, and no one can give them so, well as "Mamma."

The Queen is devoted to painting and music, and does much to encourage those arts, in both of which she is no mean proficient. Of music the Queen has a most thorough knowledge. She is an appreciative and intelligent listener, for fortunately her deafness does not interfere with her enjoyment of musical sounds. The Princess of Wales inherits her mother's deafness, but like her mother, makes up for weakness of ear by exceptional quickness of eye.

A Kiss at the Pump.

A Kiss at the Pump.

(Written for the Dispatch.) We went skimming along down Washington street. The air was cool and bracing, and the blood was tingling in our veins; at least, in mine, for I felt as if innumerable pins and needles were prick-

innumerable pins and needles were pricking my fesh. This description sounds disagreeable, but I assure you the sensation was not. Arch street was the best street for bicycling, but I would not go down it, and thereby hangs a tale. One afternoon about four weeks ago I went skimming down Arch street, consclous of the unerring track of my wheel and the jaunty set of my cap. When I reached the drugstore, on the corner of Second and Arch, where a crowd of men were congregated, my skirt caught in the sprocket wheel and then wrapped itself around the pedal.

If my dress had been fastened firmly at the waist no one knows what would have

around the pedal.

If my dress had been fastened firmly at the waist no one knows what would have happened, but the strain caused the pins to burst loose, and my wheel staggered two or three yards, every revolution pulling my skirt further off me and wrapping it around the pedal. At last the inevitable happened; my skirt refused to yield another inch, and over I fell. I reached out my hand to break the fall, and almost broke my wrist. My wheel came on top of me, and dress, feet, and bicycle refused to be separated. Every one stood as if hypnotized, I called some little hoys who were standing mar, and asked them to help me. My cap had fallen away; my skirt was almost off, and I could not untwist myself, but fortunately, at last, this was accomplished.

"Say, let me ride your bicycle around the square," begged one eager chap. Once I thought I would; but when I remembered the man who let some one ride his, and never saw wheel or rider again, I refused.

Not wishing to appear daunted. I gath-

refused.

Not wishing to appear daunted, I gathered myself together, gave a spring, and, without thanking the boys, took my accustomed ride. When I returned home I looked at my skirt, and saw that the seam in the back was ripped from top to bottom; and I had gone forward with the widths fluttering gayly behind me! This was the reason I would not go down Arch street.

We were cound for the cemetery, and

Was the reason I would not go down Arch street.

We were cound for the cemetery, and delightful was the ride, especially on the avenue. You hardly felt the motion, but seemed to fly. My companion was a grave, silent man, a little taller than myself, and with a will firm as the Rocky mountains. I knew him very well, and my intuitive power told me he liked me, but he had not the least idea that I knew it. We rolled along silently, up Fortith street to S, down S to the avenue, directly to the gate, then down the main path to the pump.

avenue, directly to the gate, then down the main path to the pump.

I knew the water of that pump was impure; water running through the earth and passing decayed coffins and human remains could not be as the limpid rill or sparkling brook; but I always took a drink of it because the people who lived there had such wonderful complexions, and I felt they owed it all to the water. Some old codger, who, if he plexions, and I left they owen It am to the water. Some old codger, who, if he had lived to be old as Methusaleh, would not have benefited the human race, was now conferring a priceless gift on those girls—skin as soft as satin, smooth as a peach, and rosy as the dawn. Some peo-ple are more useful to mankind dead than itsing!

out. I don't know how giris feel when they get married, but if I was to get married I should feel that the next thing to look forward to would be death. When a giri's single she has so many little pleasures to look forward to, and she enjoys herself in so many little ways that she could not if she were married. Now, with a husband, you have to drop all that, or ought to. You have to stay at home and darn and mend, and keep house, and settle down.

Now, this is how it looks to me before marriage. After I might have something

"Aren't the trees green?" I asked. I made this idiotic remark after an idiotic

"What make is your wheel?"
"I think you have asked me that before," in a very mild tone.
Was he laughing at me? Very well, sir; silence is golden. You get no more from

We sat there about five minutes, We sat there about five minutes, os-tensibly admiring the pump, and then he drew closer; closer—close to me. I turned my head. That man had a magnetic power over me. At that moment I could have laid my head on his shoulders and gazed long in his eyes, but that would be bold, unmaidenly; besides, I felt ashamed. He took my hand and fondled it cently. I arose.

asimined. In toose, it gently. I arose, "We had better go," I said.
He seized me, and drew me down; down.
"No; no," I whispered beseechingly, "I will sit down again."

will sit down again!"
With a smile he released me, and I took my seat at his side.
"Have you been in many States of the Union?" I asked, in an unconcerned manner. "Do you know, I always longed to go to California and Florida?"
He put one hand beneath my chin and drew me to him. I could not bear that gaze. I turned. He forced my face around; placed my head on his breast, and, leaning over, touched my lips with his.

his.

"Love!" he said: "Love!"
I smiled up at him, clasped my arms around his neck, and let him drink deep-deep of that intoxicating draught—love, which is life.

My heart beat against him, I smiled in his eyes, while my head lay on his bosom and my arms were around his neck.

Of the power of a woman's smile! It and my arms were around his neck.

O, the power of a woman's smile! It brought the blood to his face and strength to his arms. His clasp was almost paire ful in its intensity. I smiled slowly at him, as he once more touched his lips to mine; then loosed my arms.

"Let us go home," I said, dreamly.

ERIE.

Sweet Odors.

Attar of rose is worth \$100 an ounce. Schiller enjoyed the odor of decayed apples.

The Empress Josephine was fond of

The Empress Josephine was fond of orange water.
Incense was almost invariably used in all heathen sacrifices.
The "Perfumers' street" was unearthed some years ago in Pompeli.
Marie Antoinette preferred Hungary water to any other kind of perfume.
Perfumes are extensively used in all Chinese sacrifices and devotional offerings.

ings.
Hippocrates prescribed the oil of roses as a medicine for several kinds of dis-

TO BACKOLOGY.

Past, Present, and Future Read by Studying the Back.

the Vain Back of Roosevelt, and

Many Other Kinds of Backs.

NEW YORK, November 9.-A new won-

der has come to town. It is a man who claims to be able to read the character of other folks by looking at their backs,

nexx, earnestness, and determination stick out all over him.

ROOSEVELTS CONTRADICTORY BACK.

"But the other man, Mr. Roosevelt, is a queer mixture. If I didn't know him I might be puzzled, but still the predominating traits would be quite apparent. His back at the waist line is solid, and has the peculiar look of the man who rides horseback a great deal. The way he throws back his shoulders shows that he is fond of admiration and the notice of the public.

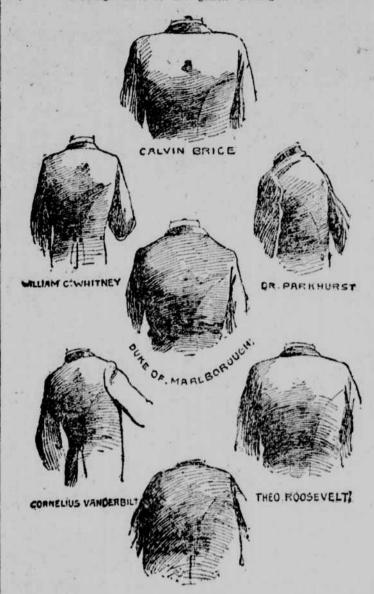
"The cut of his coat indicates that he is something of a swell, but the careless way he wears it makes it clear that he is a man of the world. He has big shoulder-blades, and they show that he is a worker. He has what we call an earnest and ambitious back, and, as it is constantly changing, it indicates eccentricity. It has a rounded, well-fed look, which shows prosperity and a possession of a plenty of the world's goods. It also shows that the owner has a high opinion of himself and his abilities."

The HANDSHAKER'S BACK.

When asked about other backs he had seed the Roston man waid: "I sat he

just as the palmist, phrenologist, physiognomist, and chirogrophist tells your past, present, and future by examining the hand, head, face, and handwriting, respectively.

Back-reading is in its infancy as yet, but a sudden whim of Dame Fashion may cast it into high favor at one



MAYOR STRONG

bound, and numerous professors of the art the politician, and for that reason I be-will surely come to the surface at the lieve that if he desires to climb higher on same time. The discovery that the back | the political ladder he will come to same time. The discovery that the back hid certain secrets of character and of traits was first made in Boston. A gentleman from that city, who is stopping at the Waldorf, made a study of the new science, not from a professional cultar stoop denotes the handshaker of joiller."

"Do you know who that little, square-shouldered man is?" was asked of the

but I'll tell you about him, and if you know him you will see whether I am right. Wait until he sits down, and then we will sit where I can get a good view of his back."

A SENATORIAL BACK.

This was accomplished in a couple of minutes, and then the expert began:
"Ambition and determination are the
two foremost traits in that man's
make-up. The solid set of his shoulders make-up. The solid set of his shoulders tells that. You see the satin collar on his dress-coat? Well, any one would know that that indicated a leaning towards the conventionalities and the niceties of life. Yet there are some bad wrinkles in his coat, which shows that matters of heavier import than society doings occupy his mind. There is a wrinkle just under the collar of the coat, which shows that he is constantly pull-

wrinkle just under the collar of the coat, which shows that he is constantly pulling himself together to meet or solve some tangle in his affairs.

"He has something of the Napoleonie in his nature. He trusts in fate and has overcome some mighty obstacles in his time. He is accustomed to think for himself, and seldom asks the advice of others. The set of his coat shows that, because it looks as if he were in the habit of spending much time walking up and down with his hands thrust into his trousers pockets and with his face turned towards the and with his face turned towards the

ground,
"His back has a solid look, which be "His back has a solid look, which bespeaks self-possession and a man not
easily moved when his mind is made up.
His short neck and the set of his head
indicate craftiness and a love of intrigue. Altogether his back is a good
one, showing that he is an able man
away above the average in intelligence
and shrewdness. Now who is he?"
The man was Calvin S. Brice, and those
who know anything about the Ohio Senator will acknowledge that he was quite
faithfully described.

DR. PARKHURDST'S BACK.

DR. PARKHURST'S BACK.

DR. PARKHURST'S BACK.

There was a political meeting in the neighborhood, and the writer asked the Boston man to go there with him and do some more back-reading. At this meeting Teddy Rooseveit, the Police Commissioner, and Dr. Parkhurst were both billed to speak, and the latter was addressing the crowd when the hall was reached. Unfortunately, the Boston man had seen both of them before, and, of course, was well up on their peculiar characteristics. But he had never tried to read their backs before, and he said he would take advantage of the opportunity.

"We'll take Parkhurst first," he said. "We'll take Parkhurst first," he said.
"Now all those angles and creases in his coat shows that he is a very nervous man. There is a gloss on the under part of the right sleeve of the coat, which shows that he does a great deal of writing. It also shows that he is careless of his dress, otherwise he would do his writing in a different coat from the one he wears on the street.

"His right shoulder is higher than the other. As he is of slight physique, this is not due to any mechanical labor, and even if I did not know him I would account for it by saying that he was an orator and used his right hand and arm continually to emphasize some remark while speaking. His round shoulders indicate the student. Of course, the cut of the coat shows the preacher, Fearless.

A STUDY IN BACKS.

In the first place, he lacks the diplo

is at the Waldorf, made a study of the new science, not from a professional standpoint, but merely as a means of private amusement.

He claims that he can go to a theatre and tell just the kind of person the man or woman is who is sitting in front of his back interested me very much, and no matter how much I lovel him, if he asked me to marry him I would feel stifled. I feel like a large bird in a small cage, knocking against the cage every time it turned around, and never getting out. I don't know how girls feel when they get married, but if I was to get

STRUNG. THE DUKE'S BACK.

THE DUKE'S BACK.

"I took a walk up to the Plaza Hotel one day last week, and waited in the corridor a couple of hours particularly to take a look at the Duke of Mariborough. I had read so many widely differing stories about the young man that it was impossible to gain any idea of his real character. The result of my observation was very favorable to the Duke, and I think the American people who have pictured him as a dollar-hunting dude will find-themselves greatly mistaken.

"In the first place, Marlborough has the student's back, thin and curving. He must be a great reader, and the way his head and neck are poised on his shoulders indicate that he is a reader of serious matter, which requires deep thought for a complete understanding. He struck me as being democratic, although I understand he is the reverse, but that may be due to his peculiar education rather than his own inclinations. He is ambitious, and I predict he will some day be a famous statesman and orator. He seems to be abundantly stocked with commonsense, and I could trace no avaricious lines in his make-up."

A Charade.

I heard my WHOLE complain one day That a FIRST he valued much, Had been of my SECOND so long a prey That it crumbled at his touch,

THE

He said it was a bitter grief
That want of care had lost,
What future scholars never could
Replace at any cost.



Great Low Price Sale

(217 EAST BROAD STREET).

Our patrons will be given an opportunity this week to buy their wares from one of the best selected stocks in Richmond.

Every item in the house an honest item. Every nook and corner crowded with beautiful goods suita. ble for right now and for months to come.

If you're economical you'll be here, for it's such a sale as this that adds brightness to such a house as

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CHILDREN'S WRAPS from \$1.25 to \$10. MISSES' WRAPS, from \$2.50 to \$15. LADIES' WRAPS, from \$2.50 to \$40.

CARPETS,

RUGS, DRUGGETS, OIL-CLOTHS. WINDOW-SHADES,

MATTINGS! HASSOCKS! A very large new stock at ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.
COTTAGE CARPETS at 10, 121-2, 15, 20, and 25c.; very low prices.
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all shades, at 49c., worth 75c.

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OUR CLOAK DEPARTMENT All the latest effects in FANCY WEAVER has been replenished with everything new, stylish, and low-down prices. Ladies', Misses'; and Children's Wraps of all styles, best materials and lowest prices. FLANNELLETTES for wrathers at Be. CRINKLED AND CREPON SATINGS.

Underwear! Underwear!

UNDERWEAR for ladies, misses, et . LADIES' RIBBED VESTS AND PANTS from 15c, to 8.25.
CHILDREN'S PLAIN AND RIBBED VESTS AND PANTS from 5tc, to the WRAPPERS for infante, at E. E. and

BOYS AND MEN'S SHIRTS AND DRAWERS, in natural west, white and scarlet, from Sc. to \$2.0 for the

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DIUGGETS in all sizes at 45, 50, 60, and 75c. per square yard.
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LACE CURTAINS at 69c. a pair, worth \$1.25.

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NAVY SICHLAN (enpair of the control of the contro BLACK AND NAVY SIGILIAN (entirely new), 55 inches wide, at \$2-12 and 75c, worth 51 and 18.25.

HANDSOME BLACK MOHAIR BROCADES from 25c, to 81.50.

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GIVE US AN EARLY CALL

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painting done in the best ma 15 south Ninth street, Richmond, Va.

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439 EAST BROAD STREET. (no 10-Sutel:

Mountain of Dishes confronts the average house-

wife after all the family have dined. They are greasy dishes.

too, and hard to get perfectly clean with ordinary soap and

water. A good many thoughtful wives have discovered that the best, easiest and quickest way to wash dishes is to use

Washing Powder in the dish water. It acts like magic-cuts the grease and makes the dishes clean. All cleaning is made easier by this great cleanser. It is cheap, too-that's the best of it. 25c.

for a large package. Sold by all grocers. THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, St Louis, New York, Boston, Philadelphia

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